

Testing the Waters [Hanbrough Edition]

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Testing the Waters [Hanbrough Edition]

by [Ursula Haldane](#)

Summary

Putting a pair of sexy panties in with clothes to give to your friend is totally a joke, at least as far as Mike is concerned. No sublimation involved, honest.

Notes

Porn Libs: a phrasal template that allows one to substitute names and setting details to reuse a porn scenario for multiple fandoms and pairings. So if this pairing isn't doing it, check in the series page for another more to your taste.

It was just supposed to be a joke. A little teasing to lighten the mood after the awful day they had had. Mike and Bill arrived at Mike's place with poor Bill covered in disgusting muck from their latest tour of the best places in Florida according to Richie. Mike, being by far the cleaner of the two, conceded the first shower without prompting while Bill mumbled his thanks.

Mike even generously left a bundle of clean clothes by the bathroom door with what he thought would be a funny surprise that would give Bill something to have a nice laugh about, lifting his spirits. Settling on the couch in front of the tv, Mike waited for the fireworks.

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Hearing the water turn off, Mike smirked to himself imagining Bill's initial reaction but when no yell came Mike frowned.

A light cough from the doorway had Mike whipping his head round to see Bill standing there with his compact, muscular body bare and damp save for a pair of silver panties.

They were a confection of silk and lace with a line of ruffles contrasting nicely with Bill's pale skin. His sparse body hair only served to make the sight all the more tempting. Mike's mouth went impossibly dry as his blood headed south.

All he could manage was a dry rasp barely above a whisper, "Bill."

Finally tearing his eyes from his friend's delectable body, Mike looked Bill in the eyes and caught his look of smug satisfaction before he said lightly, "Yes, Mikey?"

The teasing challenge in his friend's voice spurred Mike up off the couch and into Bill's space crowding him back against the door jam.

"Bill," rumbled out of Mike's throat questioningly with his hands not quite touching. Bill arched off the jam pressing into Mike in one long sensuous roll.

"What? Don't you luh-like them, Mike?" Bill all but purred locking eyes with his friend.

With a growl, Mike closed the scant distance between them sweeping his hands down Bill's flanks and pulling him into a searing kiss. It was wet and hot as Mike pressed Bill back against the doorway all the while running his hands along the frilly edges of the panties.

"Fuck, Big Bill," Mike said with feeling when he pulled back for air, "You're so fucking pretty."

Mike promptly kissed away the stunned look that that declaration brought, before tearing

himself away from Bill completely.

Confusion had barely registered on Bill's face before Mike was on his knees sliding his hands up Bill's legs settling on his thighs with his thumbs caressing just under the hem of his panties.

Mike locked eyes with Bill once more before pressing his face to the silver fabric straining to contain Bill's erection.

Bill let out a moan as Mike breathed warm, moist air into the crotch of his panties before mouthing at his cock through the fabric.

"Oh God, Mikey," moaned Bill as he brought up his hands threading his fingers into Mike's hair.

Finally, Mike worked his way up to the darkened patch where Bill's precum had soaked into the panties and laved at the spot with his tongue earning a sharp, appreciative tug on his hair. Mike hummed and then sucked fully at the head drawing a taste of Bill through the fabric all while holding Bill's hips steady so that he could not buck into his mouth.

"Please, Mike. Puh-Please," Bill begged as Mike pulled away again, batting his friend's hands away before seizing his hips and flipping him around.

"Not until I've had my fill of you in these panties," Mike rejoindered with a smirk which was met with a huffed laugh until he leaned in and nipped at the nearest buttcheek.

"Hey!"

"Sorry, babe," Mike said, not sounding sorry at all as he reached up and grasped two handfuls of Bill's downright mouthwatering ass giving them a nice long grope before spreading the cheeks and running his thumbs down the crack looking for his hole.

"Wha-," was all that Bill was able to say before Mike leaned in and licked wetly at his cloth-covered hole.

"Hhnaagah," said Bill as Mike continued to lick and suck at his hole through the fabric.

Mike was in heaven pressed between Bill's cheeks. But when Bill arched and canted his hips back Mike had to press the heel of his hand into his erection to keep from cumming at the evidence of Bill's eager enjoyment.

Standing abruptly, Mike let out a little chuckle at the whine of protest from Bill but without fully taking his hands off of him he began to herd his friend towards the couch while stripping off his shirt and undoing his jeans.

When they reached the couch, Bill went to slip off the silver panties but Mike grabbed his hands and used his hold on them to draw Bill into a forceful and wet kiss that left him breathless and panting.

"Leave them," Mike growled as he pulled back. "I'm going to make you cum in those pretty panties."

"Jesus."

"No, Mike."

Bill laughed, "You dork."

"Now, get on the couch babe."

"Sir, yes sir," Bill quipped before getting on the couch facing the back with his knees spread wide and inviting the silver panties stretched taut over his ass.

Giving Bill's ass a light slap, Mike leaned over to the side table and fished out a bottle of lotion. With two fingers coated, he used the other hand to pull aside the panties and teased at Bill's damp pucker.

"Mikey, come on," Bill insisted right before one of Mike's long fingers pushed into him causing him to moan and clench.

"Relax babe," Mike murmured.

With a huff, Bill did just that and Mike pressed both lotion covered fingers into him moving them in and out looking for just the right spot. . .

Bill let out a heartfelt moan and Mike grinned.

After fingering Bill for a minute, Mike withdrew his fingers and snagged the lotion again to coat his newly freed cock.

Grabbing the panties once again, Mike lined his cock up to Bill's hole without pushing in, "Are you ready, babe?"

"Damn it, Mike! Now!"

And with that Mike pressed in as Bill bore down.

It would have been easier to fuck Bill if he wasn't wearing the panties, but Mike loved the sight of all that silky material rucked up to bare Bill's hole being spread wide on Mike's cock.

"You are so fucking pretty," Mike praised while thrusting into his friend with abandon, "So pretty when I'm fucking you, Bill. You should always be wearing panties so that I know that just under your clothes there is a pretty present for me to unwrap. All for me. All mine."

Bill seemed incapable of doing anything but moaning and whining and shivering through Mike's little speech as he thrust back to meet him.

When Mike felt close, he leaned forward and reached for Bill's cock still trapped inside the panties.

"Cum for me Bill," and with no more prompting, Bill came inside his panties.

As soon as Bill relaxed from his orgasm, Mike pulled out, and with a few rough pulls on his cock he also came on Bill's soiled panties.

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Once they had both caught their breath, Mike and Bill stood up by the couch. Mike shucked off the rest of his clothes before flopping naked onto the couch leaving Bill to remove his cum-soaked panties far more gingerly.

“You’re an animal, Mike.”

“Mmm,” was Mike’s only response until Bill had freed himself from the ruined panties when he dragged the now naked Bill down onto the couch for a snuggle.

Pressed skin to skin laid out on the couch Bill asked, “Did you plan for this to happen? When you gave me the panties with the other clean clothes?”

Mike doesn’t answer right away, luxuriating in the feeling of Bill against him before admitting, “It was just supposed to be a joke, something that we could laugh about.”

Bill went completely still in Mike’s arms.

“But,” Mike continues, “I can’t deny that I’d thought about it before, fantasized about you wearing panties. So, I guess, subconsciously I was testing the waters so to speak.”

Bill seemed to melt back into Mike, warm and pleased.

“Well, I hope you have other pairs because I don’t think these wuh-ones are ever going to be the same again,” Bill joked.

Mike hummed and pulled Bill close, “Oh don’t worry, there are plenty more where those came from.”

The End.

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